

Good Morning

220

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

In this week's "UNSOLVED CRIME" Stuart Martin asks DID SHE

POISON THE DUMPLINGS?

TOPPING the great dome of the Central Criminal Court—sometimes called by its ancient name of Old Bailey—stands erect and stately the heroic figure of Justice, holding with her left outstretched arm the scales, and in her right hand the upraised sword, ready to smite.

This majestic statue is encased in pure gold leaf, which gleams brilliant in the sunshine of summer and is dull bronze in the mists and snows of winter. Poised on a golden ball, this Justice, with her outstretched arms, takes the shape of a cross.

By some peculiar and remarkable accident, or intention, the men who cast this imposing representation departed from the traditional idea of Justice. For the traditional Justice was blindfolded, implying impartiality of judgment. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

The Justice of the Central Criminal Court has her eyes open.

The Justice of the Old Bailey had her eyes bandaged. But the people were permitted to see the last dread formalities of the law, and malefactors from Newgate Prison were hanged in public.

ONE morning, in the year 1815, the prison doors were thrown open and a girl stepped into the open air. She was dressed in white, a bridal dress and cap, laced boots, and a white rose nestled in her bosom.

A clergyman stepped up to her and asked if she had any-

thing to confess. She answered calmly: "Before the just and Almighty God, and by the faith of the Holy Sacrament I have taken, I am innocent of the offence with which I have been charged."

She continued her way to the scaffold. They hanged her. Beneath the scaffold the crowd murmured protests.

Elizabeth Fenning was twenty-two years of age. She had been charged and found guilty of attempting to murder the family where she had been a cook for three months. That family was Orlibar Turner, Robert Gregson Turner, and Charlotte Turner, his wife, who all lived at No. 68 Chancery Lane.

According to Mrs. Charlotte Turner, who was one of the chief witnesses at the trial, she had had to reproach Eliza for lack of attention to her duties a few weeks after

she became cook. A few days later the girl asked if she might make some dumplings, and several days after that Eliza came to the dining-room and told her mistress that the brewer had brought some yeast.

Mrs. Turner was surprised, as she had not ordered any yeast, but told the cook that it was of little consequence, and she could make the dumplings, and directed her to mix the dough with milk.

Before making the dumplings however, Eliza made a beefsteak pie, which she took to a baker's; then she made the dumplings, and half an hour later Mrs. Turner saw the dough made and lying in a pan before the fire to make it rise.

The dough was afterwards divided into six dumplings, although it had not risen, and these were cooked.

At three o'clock the family sat down to dinner. The dumplings were dark and heavy instead of being white and light. Her husband, Mr. Robert Gregson Turner, and his father, Orlibar Turner, had dinner with Mrs. Charlotte Turner. And all of them became violently sick shortly afterwards.

Not only the Turner family, but Roger Gadsden, an apprentice, was sick, and so was Eliza Fenning, the cook.

It was Orlibar Turner who first suspected poison. He examined the dish next morning in which the dumplings had been mixed. There were pieces of dough adhering to the sides of the dish, and he put some water into the dish and mixed the dough with this, then, allowing it to settle, found a white powder. This was found to be arsenic.

Orlibar Turner spoke to the cook about the dumplings, who insisted that there was no poison, or that any poison had been in the ingredients she used; and added that if there was poison it may have come with the milk.

But it was proved that the

milk could not have been poisoned because it was used to make the sauce, and the sauce was pure and wholesome.

Where had the arsenic come from? It was stated that Orlibar Turner had kept two packets of the poison in a drawer, and the packets were marked "Deadly Poison." On the day of the poisoning he learned that one of the packets had been missing for a fortnight. The allegation was, obviously, that Eliza Fenning had taken the packet and had tried to poison the whole family because Mrs. Turner had spoken sharply to her!

Fenning swore that she had never been near the drawer where the arsenic was kept, and five witnesses were called on her behalf to speak of her good character.

In summing up to the jury, the Recorder admitted that there was nothing but circumstantial evidence to go upon, "but circumstantial evidence is often more conclusive than most positive testimony."

He emphasised that the poison was not in the milk or other ingredients, but was in the dumplings which Fenning had made. Then he left the verdict to the jury, "being fully persuaded you will conscientiously discharge your duty both to your God and to your country."

The jury took only a few minutes to "discharge their duty to their God and their country," and brought in a verdict of Guilty.

Elizabeth Fenning was carried from the dock screaming her innocence.

From that day (April 11th) until the day of her execution (June 26th), and after that, too, the public kept up a "clamour" against the verdict. The public demanded a reprieve at least.

The Lord Chancellor and representatives of the Home Secretary had a meeting. They decided they could not stay the course of the law.

Their decision reminds me of a statement by the late Lord Brentford (when he was Home Secretary Sir W. Joynson-Hicks) on a similar outcry by the public. His lordship said that a Home Secretary ought not to heed "mob" demands.

But the late Lord Birkenhead, on the other hand, has stated that "the public are often good judges."

There, perhaps, we have the majestic figure of Justice both blindfolded and without her bandage.

Elizabeth Fenning was hanged at that time because death was the penalty of at-



The Old Bailey Dome

tempted poisoning, larceny, burglary, house - breaking, and other offences.

When her body was cut down from the scaffold it was given over to her relatives for burial. Her home was in Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, Holborn. It was an impressive funeral.

The pall-bearers were six young women who knew Elizabeth Fenning in life. They were dressed in white. Behind the pall-bearers walked hundreds of people. The streets were crowded, even the tops of houses being thronged by spectators. Fifteen thousand people assembled in the churchyard of St. George the Martyr, where the burial took place.

For months afterwards London talked of little else. The doctor who gave evidence of finding the arsenic was actually shunned and his patients dwindled in number.

I believe Elizabeth Fenning was innocent, and I believe the public were right in their verdict, in spite of the legal flummies.

So far as legal support of to-day can be given to my belief, I give it. The late Lord Birkenhead, eminent expert in law, who apparently had access to the documents, has left it on record that "there is at least some doubt as to whether she committed the deed. . . . The motive put forward by the prosecution was weak."

I go farther than the legal caution of Lord Birkenhead. I repeat she was innocent. This crime gave me more investigation labour than any other on the list of "unsolved." The very bridal dress in which this poor girl was hanged was one she had made for her wedding, due to take place a few weeks after the execution date. There was never any attempt

of the prosecution to show how she had got hold of the arsenic. Nobody ever found the missing packet.

I believe the jury who found Elizabeth Fenning guilty were too prone to find a victim for the law to execute. They were overburdened by lack of imagination, by absence of logic.

Had they waited they would have found ample grounds for another verdict. In investigating this case I found that, some time after public feeling had died down, a pamphlet was issued naming the real culprit.

He had died swiftly, this miserable man, in a house in Chelmsford, Essex; but before he gasped his last he confessed that it was he who had placed the arsenic on the dough.

He was a nephew of Orlibar Turner, and had applied on several occasions for money to the latter and had been refused. He had hoped to get some when the Turners died, and on the day the dumplings were made he had gone to the house, had entered the kitchen when Fenning was absent, had taken the poison packet and sprinkled its contents on the dough which was already mixed in a pan. Then he had departed.

The legal authorities did not accept this dying confession. They had already hanged Elizabeth Fenning.

Could they unsay all they had said against her? Could they admit that they had not solved the crime?

Is the law always right? Are Law and Justice synonymous terms?

If so, then bloody, Bloody Jeffreys was always right.

And the heroic figure of the golden Justice high above London should be blindfolded, so that men may not look into her eyes for shame.

STOKER
WILLIAM
ROBSON?
HERE
ARE BETTY,
POP AND PETER
SAYING HIYA!

PETER should have been a mascot of a submarine, shouldn't he, Stoker William Phillip Robson, of 293 Old Durham Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne?

Remember when you were last home, and you wanted a mascot for the crew, and you decided to take "Peter," your dog, back to the ship? Remember, also, that when you arrived at the Newcastle Central Station with him, for the start of your journey, he dodged you and went home again, leaving you to go without a mascot?

When the "Good Morning" representative called, Betty, your 18-year-old sister, was giving him a brush-up ready for a Sunday-go-to-meeting walk with Pop, who was waiting for the finishing touches to be made to his coat.

He's a real pet at home, as you can guess, and Betty says he's a real mascot. No doubt he is looking forward to some fun with you. It is needless to say that Betty and Pop are looking forward to seeing you and all send their love to you

All's well at home. Good Hunting!



FISH WORTH £3,000

YOU sometimes hear folk talk about the price of fish—but what price fish costing £1,000 a pound?

Before the war, at least six ships a week were arriving at British ports, bringing tins of glamour fish. Some, smaller than a fingernail, were worth £1 per head. Swimming in specially illuminated tanks, they were lovely to look at, though sometimes unpleasant to handle.

From China and Japan and the reaches of the Amazon came some of the rarest and most curious of these fin stars.

There was the lovely winged Angel fish, for instance; and the Hatchet fish, with its remarkably fine imitation of a dead leaf, was amusing to watch.

Millionaire collectors sought the gleaming Neon Tetras, costing £100 apiece. One enthusiast wanted some in such a hurry that they had to be flown across the Atlantic in specially heated tanks at £30 a head.

At regular intervals air had to be pumped into the tanks,

and a special kind of powdered food, containing fourteen different ingredients, had to be carried.

To-day, even the importation of goldfish has ceased. Ships are carrying sardines and pilchards instead, although a profitable trade operates in the reverse direction. The principle is that fish worthless in one part of the world may acquire value in another.

Any schoolboy might be expected to turn up his nose at the profits from an English stickleback farm. Yet in Australia sticklebacks fetch twelve to thirteen shillings each!

Few people know that there is a Tropical Aquarium at Buckingham Palace. Charles Schiller, its curator, once travelled on a £3,000 expedition to the jungles of Brazil and British Guiana for some specimens of the most valuable light-weight fish in the world, the Hypheosso-brycon-Innessii.

The little fellow has a big name, but is only an inch long, and is so light that he registers only two drachms on the scales.

Send
"Good
Morning"
your
News and
Ideas

THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR—By Richard Keverne PART IV

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. CHARLTON

MILLY was out in the garden with Eve, Stephen Pater-noster told Merrow when he enquired.

Merrow said: "I want to have a word with her," and Stephen, thinking that Merrow was going to broach the subject of getting Milly as a cook for the "Black Boy," added:

"This'd be a good time, sir; they've gone out to pick some peas."

As they went into the garden Merrow said, "Gwen, you've not told me yet how you knew Milly was at Shinglemouth."

She told him. Presently they caught sight of the two girls, and they began to move away when they saw Merrow and Gwen Darcy approaching. But Merrow called to them.

"Oh, Milly," he said, in a natural way, "Miss Darcy was telling me she met you this afternoon, and she wants you to tell her something about the Beach Hotel. You know, of course, that she was a great friend of the poor lady who was drowned accidentally here a few weeks ago." Milly adopted a suitably mournful expression. "And that lady, Miss Warren, used to stay at the Beach sometimes. Miss Darcy wondered if you'd ever seen her there."

Milly answered, a little ill at ease, "No, sir, I can't say that I did, except once."

"But of course you heard about her. I dare say there was a lot of talk about her at the time. Only natural."

"Of course, sir, there was some talk. We was all ever so sorry."

"I'm sure you were," Gwen put in. "And I'd awfully like you to tell me something about her there—what she did, and that sort of thing. I expect if you'd had a dear friend who'd died so suddenly and sadly, you'd like to know all you could about her."

Her words put Milly more at ease.

"Well, miss, I'm afraid I don't know much. But Jules, that's one of the waiters, he said she was ever such a nice lady. But quiet and sad like."

"Yes, she would be. She used to go there for a rest when she was tired. She seemed to love the place. What did she do?"

"She used to go walks, miss—at least, so they said. Out along the beach all by herself. But there's lots of our visitors do that. I see them sometimes from the window. It's not like an ordinary hotel, not jolly and gay like, you know."

"No, I suppose not. But Miss Warren made some acquaintances there, I suppose?"

Milly seemed mildly embarrassed. She looked down at the unkempt grass and answered, "Not as I've heard, miss. Jules and the others

said how she never hardly spoke to anyone. Used to sit reading and go to bed early and—never had drinks and things like the other visitors."

"You say you saw her once; when was that, Milly? I'm sure Miss Darcy would like to hear," Merrow said.

Milly's embarrassment increased.

"It was only just by chance, sir," she said. "It was—that day."

"What day?"

"The—the day the poor lady—come here and—and was drowned." Tears welled up into Milly's dark eyes.

Merrow saw Gwen stiffen and start to exclaim, but he interrupted her.

"Of course, of course," he

said blandly. "So you saw her then, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I did wonder if I hadn't ought to have said something, but they all told me I'd better not. Mr. Leone wouldn't want the Beach Hotel mixed up in it, seeing nothing was said at the inquest about her being there."

"What was it, Milly? It couldn't have had anything to do with Miss Warren's accident."

"It hadn't, sir. That's what they said. I only saw the lady walking along the beach. It was my time off in the afternoon. I'd gone out to have a bathe a long way along the beach, and I was lying on the shingle, and I see the lady coming along. She passed close by me, but she didn't see me. I was in a sort of hollow like, and presently a gentleman came along and spoke to her, and they sat down on the beach not far away and—talked—and it looked to me that they was quarrelling."

"Yes?" Merrow said quietly.

"And then the lady got up and walked back, looking ever so angry, and the gentleman sat where he was for ten minutes, then he walked back. That was all, sir."

"Did you know the gentleman?"

"I didn't then. But I asked. He was Mr. Charlton. He's in business in London, and sometimes comes down for a night or two."

"Well, Milly, I don't think you need worry yourself about that. But I'm going to leave you to talk to Miss Darcy a little more. Come along, Eve, show me how the peas are growing."

They strolled away, and Merrow said, "Eve, tell your sister not to worry. There's no reason why she should have told anyone about the incident. And tell her not to tell anyone else. You know how people talk."

"I will, sir. But she hasn't. She hasn't even told dad."

"Very wise, too; it would only worry him. Now, Eve, I want to ask you something. Do you think Milly would come to be a cook here next spring? I'd pay her as much as she gets at the Beach."

"I think she'd love it, Mr. Merrow. She was only saying just now how the Beach was getting on her nerves; so lonely, especially in the winter."

"Tell her I'll talk to her about it before she goes tomorrow, Eve."

Gwen Darcy did not stay long with Milly. Merrow heard her say, "Thank you very much. It's been a comfort to me to talk to you." She left the girl with a grateful smile and called to Merrow.

"Oh, Hugh I'd no idea you had such a big garden here; I'd like to walk round," she said.

He joined her.

"Well?" he asked after a moment. "Did you get what you wanted out of her?"

Gwen said shortly, "Rather more than I expected."

They strolled on through a rough paddock to an orchard beyond.

"You heard her say Janet was at Shinglemouth that same day," Gwen went on. "She'd lunched there apparently."

"I heard. I'm surprised it didn't come out at the inquest somehow."

"So am I. But I don't quite know what to make of it. It looks as if she meant to stay at the Beach as she told me, but changed her mind."

"What about Charlton?"

"Not much," Gwen said. "Milly gave me a sketchy description. I lied and said I thought I'd heard Janet speak of him. But I must trace him somehow."

"He ought to have said something," Merrow commented after a few moments.

"Not if he was the black-mailer. He was probably scared stiff when he heard what Janet had done. I wonder if its any good tackling Leone?"

"Who's Leone?"

"The manager of the hotel."

"I went to the Beach Hotel because I had a hunch that Janet went there to meet

someone. And I was right."

"But how did you find out?"

"From the hotel register. I told you I used to write for 'Harlequinade.' I still do, and the editor is a good pal of mine. I got him to write to Leone to say I was coming to do a notice of the hotel for the paper. He simply thought I wanted a free lunch." She smiled faintly. "I didn't get that, but I got something I wanted more." And then she told him of her ruse and of her interview with Leone.

Merrow was undeniably a romantic, and the drama of Gwen's self-appointed task appealed to him. But he had a very clear and well-ordered brain, and when at last she had finished her story he told it back to her in his own form.

"Now, I want to get this right," he said. "The essential details, as I see them, are these. Janet Warren seemed perfectly happy and contented so long as you have known her; that's getting on for four years, until last winter, soon after Reggie Sudbourne went abroad."

"Yes."

"And that was shortly after their engagement had been announced."

"About six weeks."

"Then she had the first of her sudden fits of depression and went away unexpectedly. She told you to Bournemouth, but you know now it was to Shinglemouth."

"That is so."

"She drew one hundred pounds from her bank before she went, and when she came back she seemed more cheerful."

"Yes, but I realise now that there was a definite change in her from that moment."

He went on, summarising the details she had given him. On each of the occasions upon which Janet had gone to Shinglemouth she had drawn a similar sum of money from her bank. Then he came to what he called "that packet."

Gwen had found among Janet's private papers an envelope containing a photograph and three typewritten notes bearing neither address nor signature, reading, as Gwen said: "May we call your attention to our account, which is now overdue? We shall be glad to receive cash payment in the course of the coming week, failing which we shall be compelled to take action in the matter, a course which we should very deeply regret."

"That seems obvious enough," Merrow said. "When she got

demands she went off to Shinglemouth and paid up. But why the photograph?"

The photograph was a snapshot. Gwen described it as showing Janet dressed in the style of fully ten years before, standing in a cottage garden, a bunch of flowers in her hand. In the background was a cottage, and the top of a church tower showing over what was apparently a steep hill. In the cottage doorway, small and indistinct, were a man and a woman, and on the back of the print was typed "Helen West at home."

"What did you make of it, Gwen?" Merrow asked.

"I can't make anything of it, but I'm certain it's got to do with this affair."

"I quite agree with you," he said. "And I want to see that picture. We've got to dig back into Janet's life before we can start properly. I think that's more important than tracing Charlton."

"I'm not so sure. I think Charlton's most important. What I want to do is to get evidence, facts, proofs to give to the police. They'll have to deal with it in the end. That's what I told the detective at Scotland Yard I'd do after he turned me down. And I'm going to."

Merrow did not argue the point; it would have done no good then. But as they strolled back to the inn he was more convinced than ever that he was right.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. An ampulla is a bottle, term in music, dance, snake, Swiss goat, part of a camera?
2. Who wrote (a) The Ballads, (b) The Bon Gaultier Ballads?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Spaniel, Bedlington, Sealyham, Manx, Skye, Retriever.
4. What is a lift called in U.S.A.?

5. What number in darts is known as "bed and breakfast"?
6. What was the name of Mahomet's horse?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Scullion, Orthodox, Marquee, Intimate, Exedra, Demulcent.
8. What rank in the Navy is equivalent to a Controller in the A.T.S.?

9. What is a hare's nest called?
10. On what river does Swan-sea stand?

11. For what do the initials D.C.L. stand?
12. Complete the phrases (a) Once in a —, (b) Fast and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 219

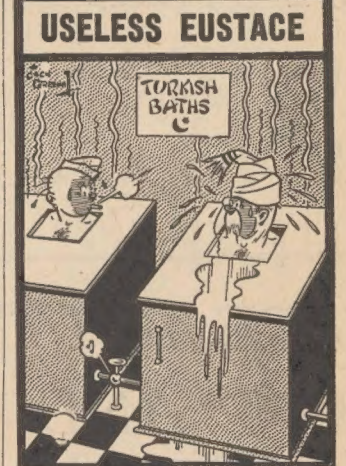
1. Lizard.
2. (a) Conan Doyle, (b) Mozart.
3. Claymore is a sword; the others are dances.
4. A dark patch in the Milky Way.
5. About 900 miles.
6. Originally it bore, the device of a shield, or shield, and was called a schilling.
7. Calipash, Fulminate.
8. Lieutenant-Commander.
9. Four. In Gloucester, Kent, Suffolk, Dorset.
10. Carlisle.
11. President of the Royal Academy.
12. (a) Paste, (b) Charybdis.

WANGLING WORDS—175

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after OMASTIC, to make another word for vocabulary.
2. Rearrange the letters of TERN NEAR EGG, to make a famous Scottish village.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PEAR into TREE, BRAIN into TRUST, COLD into STEW, STAR into NEWS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PENETRATION?

Answers to Wangling Words No. 174

1. MAGMA.
2. WINDERMERE.
3. DAY, BAY, BAT, OAT, OAF, OFF.
4. TALES, TILES, WILES, WIVES, RIVES, RIVER, RIVET, CIVET, COVET, COMET.
5. GOLD, GOAD, TOAD, TOED, TOES, TOSS, BOSS, BOSH, BUSH, RUSH.
6. BEET, BEAT, BEAR, BOAR, BOOR, BOOT, ROOT.
7. Come, Coma, Poem, Mope, Pens, Sane, Sate, Poet, Pent, Sent, Tape, Pate, Peat, Seat, Meat, Tame, Mote, Tome, Past, Pant, Cane, Pane, Pain, Tens, etc.
8. Pants, Stain, Satin, Paint, Point, Stamp, Poems, Mopes, Spent, Coast, Coats, Saint, Topes, Poets, Scone, Stone, Notes, Tones, Patio, Paste, etc.



"—Now add a few lice, bugs, fleas, etc., and you've got a pretty good idea what it's been like fighting with the Eighth!"

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12				
13					14				
15			16			17			
18			19		20				
	21	22		23		24		25	
	26		27		28		29	30	
31		32		33		34			
35				36		37			
38					39				
40						41			

CLUES ACROSS.

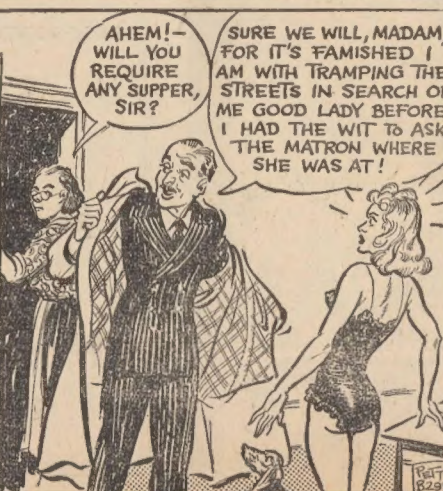
- 1 Be acquirable at.
- 5 Barge.
- 11 Blue.
- 12 Space of time.
- 13 Fashion.
- 14 Projecting rim.
- 15 Tender beloved.
- 17 Sea beast.
- 18 Shelter.
- 19 Trunk.
- 21 Nothing.
- 23 Stupid person.
- 27 Submissive.
- 29 Insect.
- 31 Umbrella.
- 33 Wise old man.
- 35 On every side.
- 37 Long narrow mark.
- 38 Strong point.
- 39 Absurdity.
- 40 Glides rapidly.
- 41 Salad plant.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

J. BROTH MOB
ARE FEATURE
LEG FAIRS A
AMAZE REINS
POTENT SCOT
V. ADEPT M
MARL GALLIC
ALOOF SEINE
K. GULES EEL
ELUSIVE GET
ROE PASTIF S

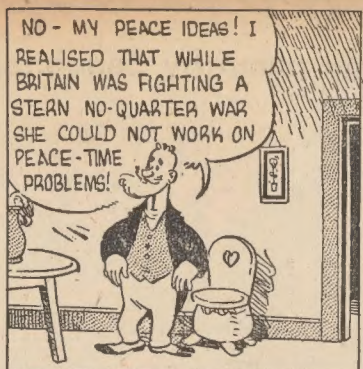
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Ruminants.
- 2 Condensed oxygen.
- 3 Abrupt.
- 4 Birch.
- 6 Bird.
- 7 Process stages.
- 8 Tree.
- 9 Famous composer.
- 10 Dance.
- 14 Away.
- 16 Talented.
- 20 Crimson pigment.
- 22 Attribute.
- 24 Use of irony.
- 25 Road.
- 26 Song of joy.
- 28 Discontinue.
- 30 Time being.
- 31 Ship's spar.
- 32 Again.
- 34 Flat thin piece.
- 36 Free from deduction.

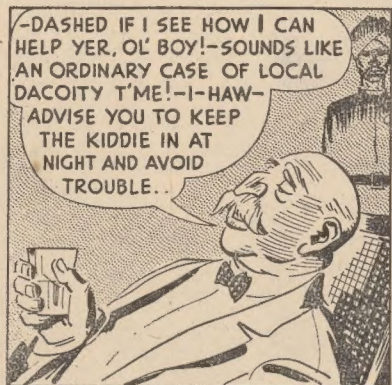
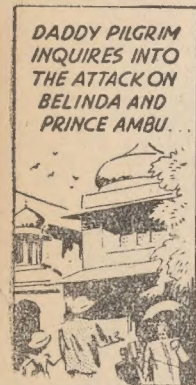


JANE

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



TANNING HITLER'S HIDE

By Alfred Rhodes

AN American publisher, Mr. J. Robinson, sent a request some time ago to the U.S.A. High Command. He wanted Hitler's skin.

There was no time limit to the order. It was to be "executed as soon as circumstances permitted," and there was no limit to the price he was willing to pay for the relic.

His intention was to tan the hide and bind a special history of the war with it. Thus future generations would be able to handle the true story of Germany's defeat enfolded in the skin of the man who started the conflict. It would be a lesson to others.

Curiously enough, human skin has already been so used. It was so during the French Revolution, when there was said to be a factory at Meudon engaged on this gruesome labour of utilising the skins of "the aristocrats."

That was what Thomas Carlyle meant when he wrote that the French nobility "used to laugh at the theories of Rousseau, but their skins went to bind the second edition of his books."

In the middle of the 18th century, here in Britain it was not uncommon to tan the hides of criminals. Many of these wretches were sentenced to be hanged and then gibbeted near the scene of their crimes. Pirates were hung in chains at Execution Dock and placed in the Thames so that three tides swept over them--and then the tanners stepped in.

The medical schools were so hard up for bodies on which to carry out experiments that the bodies were often stolen, or bought, and the skins tanned for one purpose or another.

The schools claimed that to dip the bodies in tar (as was the custom) was a very great extravagance when they were needing "subjects."

In Hogarth's time the sentence passed on many criminals was that "your body shall be hanged and when you are dead it shall be handed over to the surgeons for dissection." Hogarth did a drawing which has never been excelled in horror.

It shows a scene at Surgeons' House when a subject has arrived. A great hook projects from the victim's skull, and his "interior" is being examined by the medical men.

This was actually the fate of Burke, of Burke and Hare, the criminals who were found guilty of body-snatching in Edinburgh. Burke was strangled, and before that operation was told that his body would be handed over to be treated the same as his victims--that is, it would go to the surgeons.

Not only so, but his skin was taken and tanned. A piece of it may still be seen in the Smith Institute at Stirling, tanned by a well-known tanner of the 19th century.

In the 18th century a book was published entitled "The Trial of Joseph Sellars." He was a criminal who was said to have deserved his fate. The book was bound in his hide, and is very well preserved.

Human skin is said to be as fine a binding as the best Morocco. It works out, when tanned, something like pigskin, both in grain and colour.

In the Bristol Law Library, too, there are several volumes bound in human skin. These skins were flayed off local culprits who were executed for crimes that shocked their fellows.

Everyone has heard of the notorious Maria Marten, who was murdered in the Red Barn. Her murderer was a William Corder, who was hanged for the crime at Bury St. Edmunds gaol. In the public library there is a volume with the full report of the case, and it is bound, they say, in Corder's skin.

There is also a story, which was later denied, that the famous French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, had a volume of sonnets bound in the white skin taken from the beautiful shoulders of a lady to whom he was deeply attached.

Certainly it is true that the School of Medicine, in Paris, claimed and received from the authorities all convicted murderers after their execution so that their bodies might be dissected.

It was this school which had the skin of Campi, the notorious murderer, tanned, and used as a binding for a volume written about his crimes.

LAUGH WITH SHAUN McALISTER

Fun is like life insurance. The older you get the more it costs.

With the pedestrian, the beauty of the one-way street is that he always knows which way he's going to get knocked down.

First Surgeon: "You must have found it most upsetting having to perform an emergency operation on your own child, Mr. McNab."

Second Surgeon: "Ochaye, it distressed me greatly having to operate on a rich man's bairn without being able to charge for it."

Friendship between politicians is as thin as the paper around a cigarette.

A girl marries in order to satisfy her parents; a widow in order to satisfy herself.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



GOLDFISHING?



LEND A HAND FELLAHS

Jane Russell is climbing to stardom, without a doubt, but just here, the going seems to be a bit rough.

This England

The village pump by Sandbridge Church, Herts.



This is our very first public appearance. We were only born a few days ago, and even "Quads" take time to get accustomed-like.

JUST
A TASTE
MISTER,
THAT'S
ALL



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"After ME, puppy."

